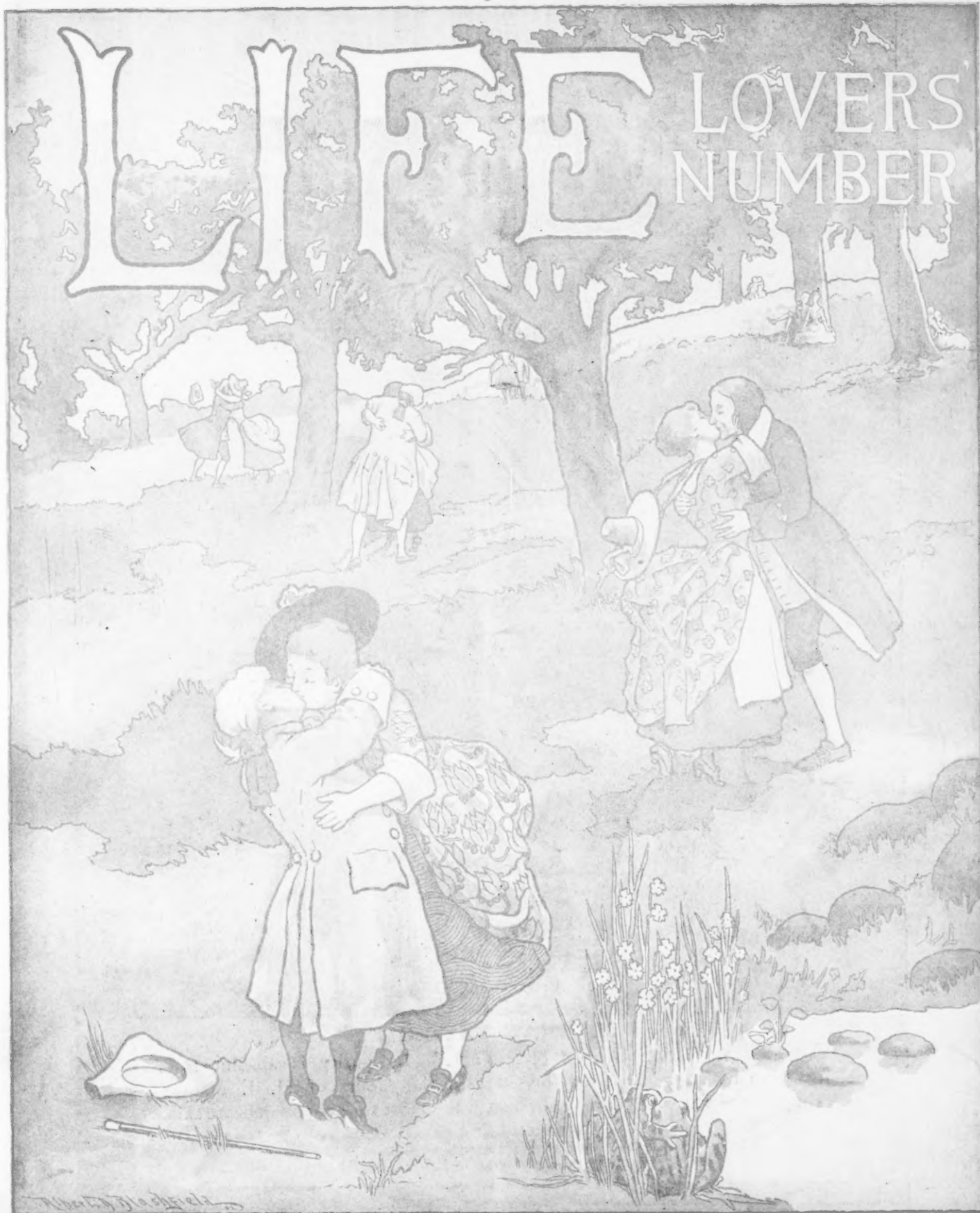


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# No. 4711. WHITE ROSE

## Glycerine Soap



### MAMMA'S FAVORITE.

The best glycerine Soap, "No. 4711." Its purity is absolute; its perfume unequalled. Used for years in the Court of H. I. M. the Emperor of Russia. Can be applied to the most tender and delicate skin.

Manufactured by FERD. MÜLHENS, Cologne o/R, Germany.

Sole U. S. Agents, MÜLHENS & KROPFF, 298 Broadway, New York.

*Send 15 cents for full size sample cake.*

# LIFE

## Ballade of Lovers.

O H, ye lovers who lived and died  
 Ere the sun of your passion set,  
 You forgotten or deified,  
 Queen of epic or chansonette;  
 Fair Francesca with eyes of jet,  
 Golden Helen of long ago,  
 Though our eyes at your names are wet,  
 Sweeter than yours the love we know.

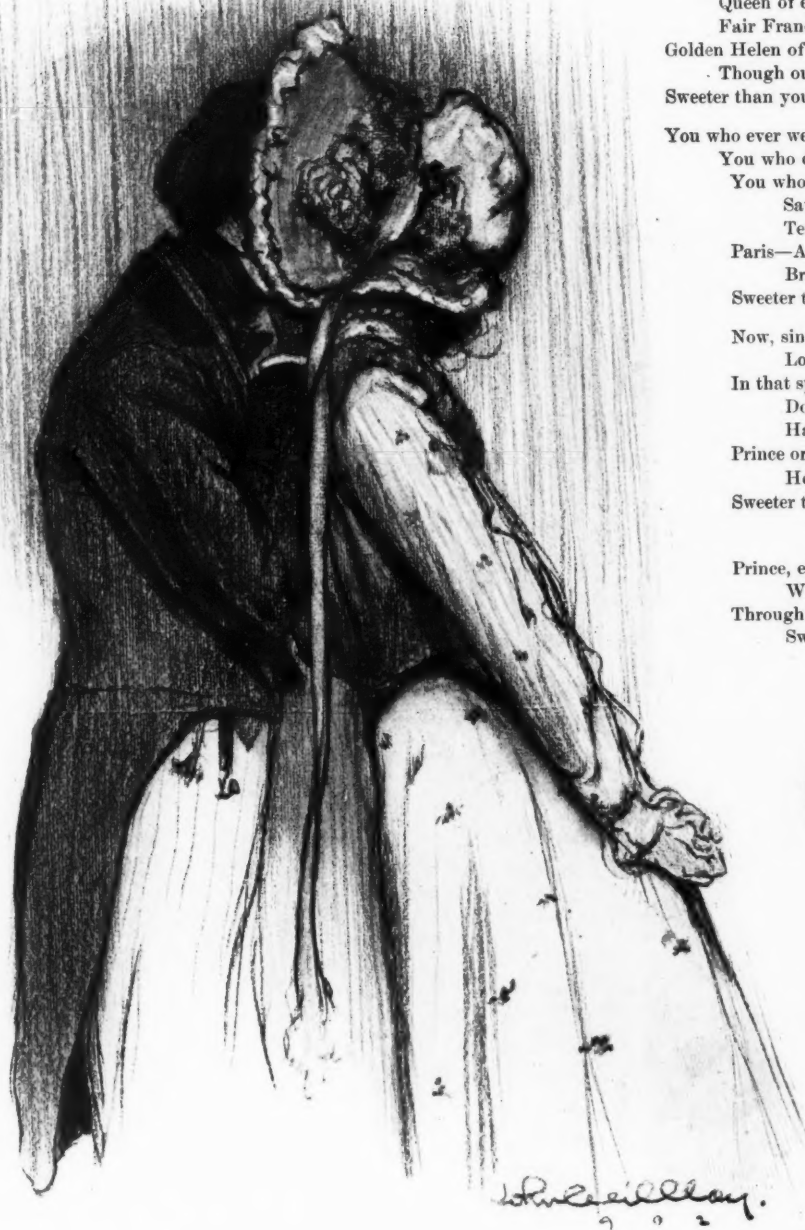
You who ever were true and tried,  
 You who drank of a vain regret,  
 You who struggled for naught beside  
 Save that goal where your hearts were met;  
 Tender Heloise—Juliet—  
 Paris—Abelard—Romeo—  
 Brave though you dared the ban and threat,  
 Sweeter than yours the love we know.

Now, since the first man won his bride  
 Lovers many have paid Life's debt;  
 In that space where their souls abide  
 Do they hear who may not forget?  
 Haughty princess or gay coquette,  
 Prince or poet who loved you so,  
 Heed us, Aucassin—Nicolette—  
 Sweeter than yours the love we know.

### L'ENVOI.

Prince, each Spring hath its violet—  
 Who may say when the fairest blow?  
 Through the years must this cry sound yet—  
 Sweeter than yours the love we know.

*Theodosia Garrison.*



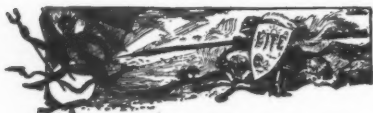
*John G. Sullivan.*



*Miss Bass: GEORGE PROMISED TO DROP ME A LINE TO-DAY. I WONDER IF THIS IS IT!*

"OH, MAMMA! WHAT IS THE MAN DOING TO THE LADY?"  
 "SH—PROBABLY TAKING A CINDER OUT OF HER EYE, MY DEAR."





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXXIX. MAY 8, 1902. No. 1019.  
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

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THERE is a moss-grown saying to the effect that evil communications corrupt good manners. That is all that ails us in the Philippines. That accounts for the water cure and the other tribulations of which we have had word. It is not that our military representatives out there include more than a reasonable sprinkling of brutal and unfit individuals. It is that the work has been hard and the associations evil. The greatest objection to the Philippines job all along has been that it would be so bad for our people. Unrestricted power is bad for anyone that holds it. A war of subjugation is inevitably demoralizing. To get through with it is the main point always; how you do it doesn't so much matter. A court-martial or two will make the water cure unpopular in the Philippines, and of course it ought to be made unpopular; but no one who believes in the main job can afford to be too picky about the details. If anyone is to be sacrificed on the altar of humanity, it should not be our soldiers. They should not be made scapegoats. There are inexplicable stories about Major Waller. If they are true he ought to be retired, for he must have been crazy to do what he is accused of doing. There are surprising stories about General Smith and the orders he issued. They will probably be less surprising when we hear the whole truth about them. Let us

be patient and just with the soldiers, considering their point of view as well as our own, declining to put off on them any blame that rightfully belongs to us. The only profitable thing that we are likely to get out of the Philippines is a lesson. They may teach us patience, forbearance and discretion; they may teach us our limitations, and what jobs are inexpedient for us, and what too difficult. As a mustard plaster on our backs they may do us good, but we must expect the mustard to bite. They may yet be worth all that they may cost us, but their value is going to lie in their ability to make us squirm, and not in their ability to make us rich.



THE President has found it necessary to warn General Funston to abstain from further public discussion of the situation in the Philippines, and not to sass any more Senators. General Funston was reported to have said that Senator Hoar was suffering from an overheated conscience. Perhaps he is. Perhaps the water cure treatment would benefit him, but so many consciences have become overheated lately that it isn't safe to talk lightly of them. They call General Funston the military elocutionist, but, all things considered, he has not talked so very much. Think what his training was. He was a newspaper writer by trade. He loved to go to distant and dangerous places, and come back and tell about it. It was a bad school in which to acquire the reticence which is felt to be so important a qualification of an officer of the army or navy. The President has been a writer himself, and doubtless felt for Funston, for he rebuked him gently. One of the things they seem to learn at West Point more thoroughly than elsewhere is this fine military discretion in speech. General Miles, who lacks it, is not a West Point graduate. Neither is Funston. The unruly member needs to be broken young. The habit of free speech once

acquired takes root in the constitution, and may be restrained, but never eradicated.



HOW is the President nowadays?

His appointment of one Clarkson, a notorious spoilsman, to be Surveyor of the Port of New York, has sent cold chills up and down the spines of the civil service reformers. His letting Commissioner Evans escape from the Pension Bureau, and his turning out of McSweeney, said to be an excellent officer, from the Immigration Bureau, are regretfully regarded by his friends, who fear that his strenuousness is becoming impaired. Let us hope not. Let us hope for the best. Mr. Ware, who is to succeed Mr. Evans, may be a first-rate man (we don't know him yet), and perhaps it was excusable to supersede Mr. McSweeney. Give the President the benefit of all the doubts. Consider the remorselessness of his job, the continuous succession of matters, great and small, that pile in on him for decision. It has come to be a tremendous task to govern this country. All good men who are working faithfully at it ought to have their hands held up when they are doing right, and their inevitable mistakes charitably considered.



THERE is Secretary Root, a very able man and a good man, working prodigiously for us at small wages, carrying a large part of the burdens of the country's recent experiments in expansion. There is much grumbling about him just now. They say he has offended too many Senators; that he is arbitrary; that he has kept the country in the dark about the Philippines. Good health to Secretary Root! May he stick to his job and make the best of it. There is no harder job at present in the gift of the President, and there is no man in sight who is better fitted to wrestle with it than Mr. Root.



Sweet-and-Twenty.

*Sweet-and-Twenty*, would you think  
Such a dream of white and pink  
Could be caught by pen and ink  
So completely?

Here you are, a bud in May,  
True to life in every way,  
Always glad and always gay,  
Smiling sweetly.

Dainty young aristocrat,  
Tell me, won't you, under that  
Captivating picture hat,

How to win you :  
Tell me how shall Cupid make  
You a captive for my sake,  
What must be his word to wake  
Love within you?

By the tulip tint that lies  
On the red two lips I prize,  
By the stars that make your eyes  
Soft and tender,  
By the blushing roses in  
Brow and cheek and throat and chin,  
I have made a vow to win  
Your surrender!

Haste then, Cupid, lest you miss  
So much beauty, so much bliss,  
Take my message with a kiss :  
Kisses plenty  
At that crimson tulip gate  
For her happy lover wait,—  
Those are what I contemplate,  
*Sweet-and-Twenty!*

*Felix Carmen.*

As to Oaths.

IN discussing, in an official report, a certain secret society among the Filipinos, General Chaffee submits this general observation :

"Only the most ignorant and blindly superstitious person could for a moment believe that an oath which renders him liable to be called upon to murder his fellow-man at the request of another, can be binding on his conscience, or that it can find sanction in the laws of any civilized land."

But are not all civilized soldiers bound by something such as an oath? Did not Major Waller plead in his justification that General Smith told him to do what he did?

It is impossible not to agree with General Chaffee in his further remark that "such an oath is, in itself, a crime against all laws, human and divine."

Of course there is a difference between murder and warfare, but after all, it is mostly in the point of view. Killing men is poor business, anyway.

The Yankee.

HE Yankee exhibits about three stages of spiritual development, viz.:



1.—THE PURITAN. He believes that all men and some angels are elected to destruction. Accordingly he has pie for breakfast, and invents the Parker House Roll.

2.—THE UNITARIAN. Rationalistic squalls throw him on his beam ends. He shifts his ballast and takes a skeptical list. He talks of eating to live.

3.—THE AGNOSTIC. The germ theory is his religion. The balanced ration is his Eucharist. Salvation is a matter of proteids and phosphates. Sin is starch. There is no hell outside the liver. The principle of evil is a paralogism of the intuition, proceeding from the perversion of the gastric peristalsis.



FROM THE POLITICAL HERALD'S PERSONAL COLUMN.

*Personal:* WILL ATTRACTIVE LADY WITH VIOLET EYES AND CURLY TEETH PLEASE NOT NOTICE HANDSOME, PORTLY GENTLEMAN ANY MORE. Senator Hanna has written to some of his friends to discourage any attempt to consider him a Presidential candidate.

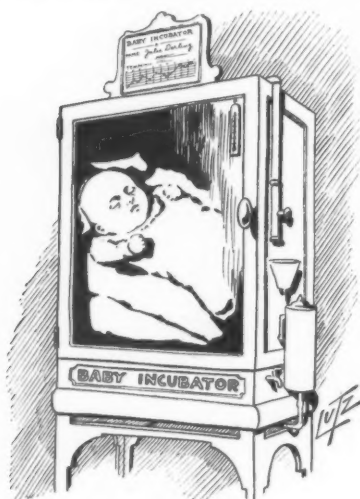


ANY work has distinct value which intelligibly presents the point of view of a class in the community other than our own, and in *Democracy and Social Ethics* Jane Addams, the well-known head of the Hull House Settlement, Chicago, has given us such a book. What Miss Addams has to say in regard to concerted movements for social betterment and the attitude of the poorer classes thereto deserves a wide hearing. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.)

In *Hohenzollern, a Story of the Time of Barbarossa*, Cyrus Townsend Brady has made a clean miss. Mr. Brady has written successfully concerning fighters of most ages, but his twelfth century kings and dukes rant like fourth-rate tragedians and are funniest when they frown. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)

*Twenty-six and One* contains three of Maxime Gorky's much-talked-of short stories of Russian life. It would be hard to name a more vivid flash-light sketch of one of the dark corners of human degradation than the forty-page study from which the book takes its title. (J. F. Taylor and Company. \$1.25.)

Mrs. Lovett Cameron allows no modern innovations to disturb her faith in old methods. *Bitter Fruit* is a novel compounded after a tried receipt. Take a bite of the prologue and you know how it will all taste. It is like mother used to read. (Brentano's.)



AN INFANT INDUSTRY.



A MOONRISE.

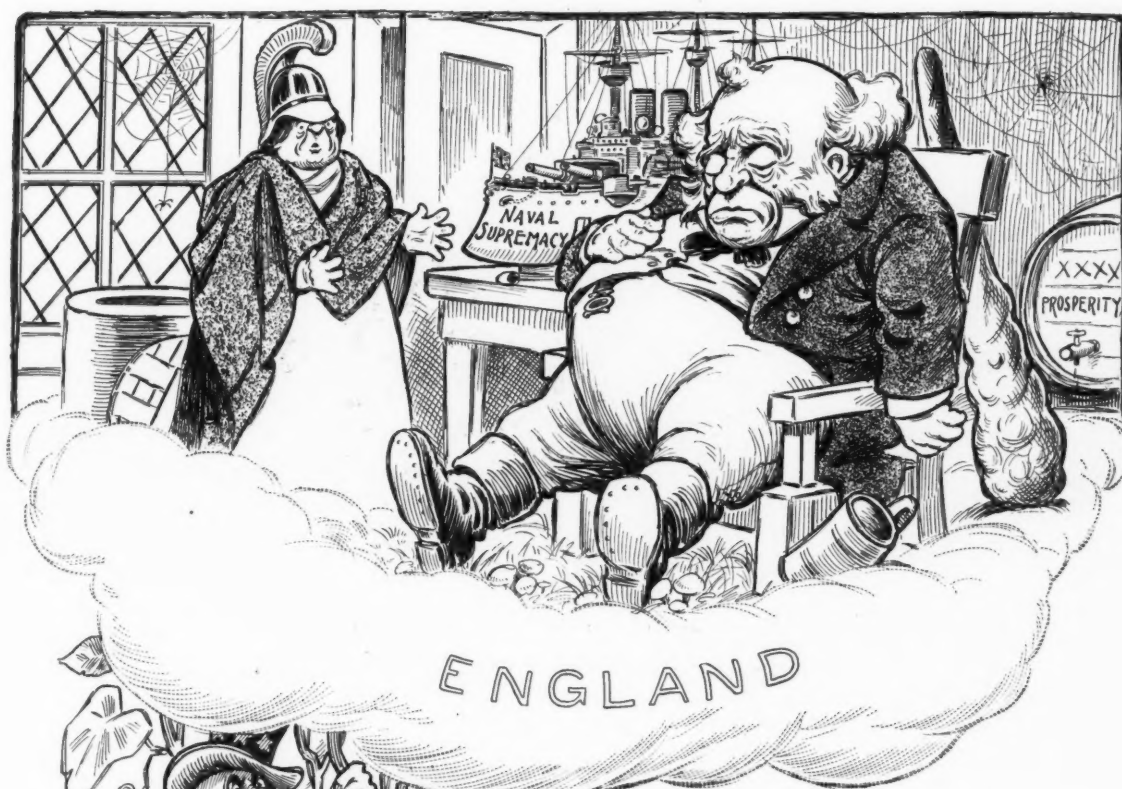
A really charming little love story is told by Beulah Marie Dix and Carrie A. Harper in *The Beau's Comedy*. It is airy, dainty and improbable, but it makes a thoroughly captivating interlude to more solid reading. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

*The Crimson Wing*, H. C. Chatfield-Taylor's new book, is a romance of the Franco-Prussian war, with glimpses of all the celebrities. The real interest, however, centers in a German hero and two French heroines

hailing from opposite sides of the social dead-line. It is fairly entertaining. (H. S. Stone and Company.)

*Swiss Life in Town and Country*, by Alfred T. Story, is the latest addition to the series upon *Our European Neighbors*. Most of us are familiar with the show side of Switzerland and the Swiss. Mr. Story deals with the less obvious aspects of their life. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.20.)

J. B. Kerfoot.



THE BEAN STALK STORY UP TO DATE.

NOW, THIS HEN LAID GOLDEN EGGS; SO WHEN THE GIANT AND HIS WIFE WERE ASLEEP, SAM SEIZED THE TREASURE AND CLIMBED DOWN WITH IT, SAYING AT THE SAME TIME, "ANOTHER CLIMB AND I'LL HAVE THE NAVAL SUPREMACY."

### The Courtship of the Future.

HE: Do you love me as much as ever?

SHE: Oh, more. Since I received your thought registering machine I have been so close to you!

"And I to you. By the way, where are you?"

"I'm in Naples. And you?"

"In Harlem. I came here from London. Did you hear me call you up at midnight last night?"

"Yes, dear; but I could not answer. I had just eaten a broiled lobster, and the psychic current wouldn't respond."

"Sometimes I wish I could see you—hold you in my arms."

"What nonsense! That's so unnecessary."

"But an actual kiss!"

There! Feel that? Wasn't that nice?"

"For a vibration, yes. But I can't help feeling——"

"Nonsense! You're such an old fog. By the way, when shall we be married?"

"The sooner the better."

"Well, I will arrange it all. We can have the ceremony performed, if you like, by the Graboni system."

"All right. And the wedding trip?"

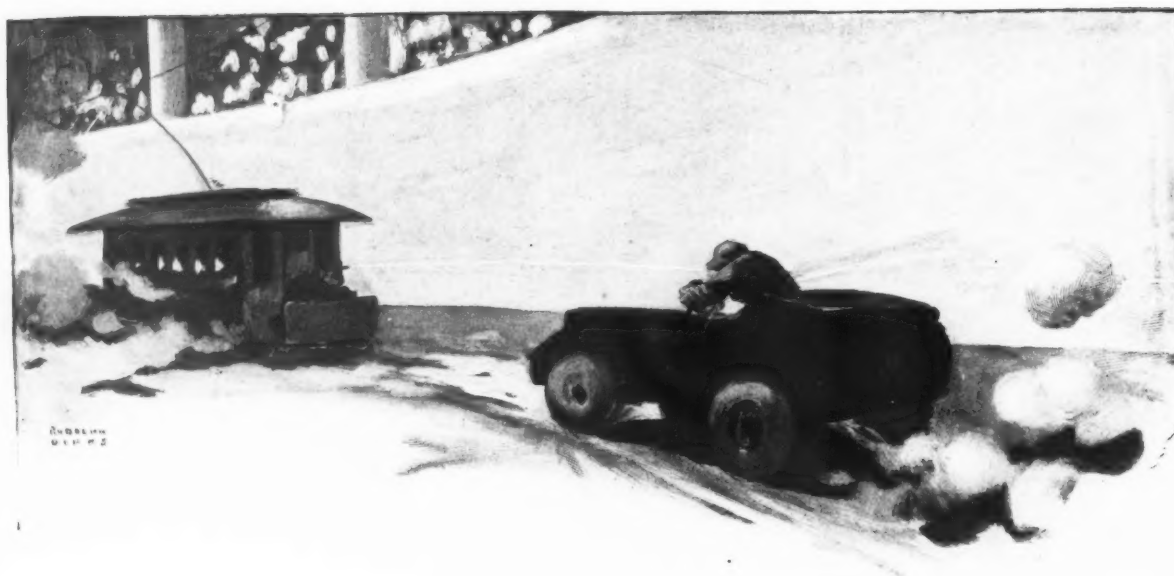
"Oh, we can take every morning, say from eight to ten—that is, if you can get away from business."

"But wouldn't it be nice to take it together? I should like—nay, I long, actually to hold you in my arms."

"Why, you goose, don't you see that would spoil the whole romance?"







WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

### The Track of the Serpent.

HE Scotch plaid socks which the haberdashers carried over last year have been sent to the far West and down South."—New York fashion letter.

In the words of Mr. Artemus Ward, "This is 2 much!"

The President of these United States has been strenuously busy for months, now, obliterating sectional lines. He has visited expositions, presented swords and appointed Democrats to office until sectional lines have all but vanished in hot—no, thin air. Why must the spirit of commercial greed spoil it all with its Scotch plaid socks left over from last year?

There are breakers ahead. Were it not that the plain people are mostly drunk with their material prosperity, there would even now be rioting in large centers of population like Abilene and Waco.

### Costly.

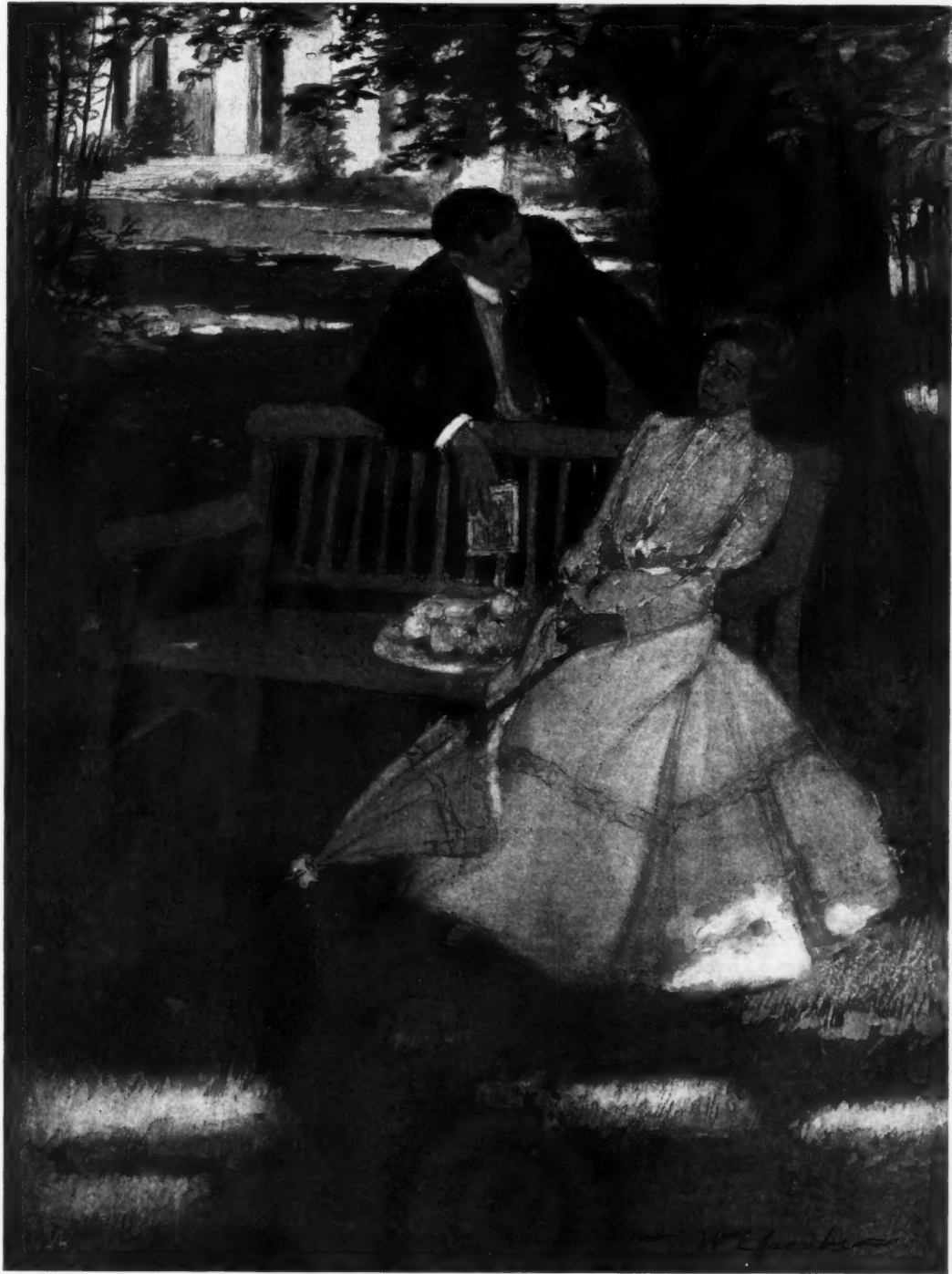
IT must make British taxpayers wince when Kitchener reports a matter of only eighty-two Boers killed in a week. The aggregate expense of the war is more than a million sterling a week, which means that it is costing the Empire about fifteen thousand pounds per Boer to survive in South Africa.

Is Kitchener, after all, the man for the place? Is there not somebody who will do the work cheaper?

NOWADAYS life is but an incident in the reading of books.



"HI THERE, YOUNG FELLER! TOTE THAT STONE BACK, OR THERE'LL BE TROUBLE FOR YOUR DAD."



DRAWING THE LINE.

*He:* ARE YOU FOND OF FICTION, DARLING?

"YES, DEAREST; BUT DON'T TELL ME I AM THE ONLY GIRL YOU HAVE EVER LOVED."

**For Disappointed Lovers.**

PRAY give me now your sympathy  
In this my undertaking.  
Upon its sound philanthropy  
My character I'm staking.

I hope you'll aid me, one and all,  
When each of you discovers  
My plan to found a hospital  
For disappointed lovers.

The necessary funds to get,  
We'll do a little voting,  
As is the custom, ere we set  
The bonds of love afloat.

Each nurse shall be a dainty maid,  
(I solemnly declare it)  
A heart the symbol of her trade,  
And on her sleeve she'll wear it.

The patient's suffering to assuage  
('Twill ever be our mission)  
Young Doctor Cupid I'll engage  
As visiting physician.

And thus their ills familiar  
I hope we'll cure instant,  
Believing that "Similia  
Similibus curantur."

*Arthur Crawford.*

**Encouraging.**

LATER advices seem to make it clear  
that Prince George of Bavaria, in  
taking exception to the remark of Professor  
Ranke of Munich, to the effect that "man's  
descent from the ape cannot be argued out of



"WHAT ARE YOU RUNNING AWAY FROM YOUR  
NEW MASTER FOR? HE'S WEALTHY AND WILL  
TREAT YOU WELL."

"I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT. I FIND HE'S A  
PHYSICIAN."



12:55 A. M.

*He:* SHALL WE TRY A DUET?

*She:* THE MORNING AIR DOESN'T AGREE WITH MY VOICE.

existence by the attempt of army officers and women to squeeze in their waists by the use of corsets," merely pointed out the absurdity of any theory which attributes a simian ancestry to royal persons, and did not either directly or indirectly deny that German army officers wear corsets.

Americans will be glad of this. For it is pleasant to be assured that the Germanization of our army, now in progress, is likely to put our great corset industry on a more independent footing, where it will be no longer in

peril of extinction by the chance of our womenkind getting to have some sense.

**Good News.**

"YOU won't be bothered any more by the minister, papa."

"Why not, boy?"

"Because he told Miss Judson, my Sunday school teacher, that he'd finished our block."

THE wise man is recognized by his inability to explain everything.



# The Old, Old Problem.



HOW are you going to please a woman?

When I told Mollie she was pretty I knew I was lying, but I didn't think she knew it. Mollie is charming, delightful, attractive, but the adjective "pretty" does not exactly fit her. Still, I was under the impression that all girls like to be admired and complimented, so I put my admiration in the most common form.

"You will make me angry," said Mollie, "if you talk like that."

"But I am speaking the truth," I asserted boldly.

"You are not," retorted Mollie; "you know you are not, and I know

you are not, and

when a man tells a girl who is not pretty that she is pretty he is insulting her intelligence."

"I intended to be complimentary," I protested.

"But you were just the reverse," said Mollie. "The inference was that I am a simpering little fool who does not know anything."

As there is nothing that I desire more than to please Mollie, I immediately changed the tone and tenor of my remarks.

"On the contrary," I explained, "I consider you a remarkably sensible and intellectual young woman."

"Don't," pleaded Mollie; "the intellectual woman is always so homely."

"Well," I said, now feeling reasonably certain of my ground, "of course you are not beautiful, but —"

"You're brutal," interrupted Mollie, hotly. "Do you think it nice to tell a girl that she isn't pretty?"

"No," I admitted, "especially when such an assertion is not true."

"But it is true," insisted Mollie; "you know it's true." Then she added pertinently, "I do hate a man who isn't perfectly frank and truthful."

"Very well, then," I conceded; "it is true, but —"

"No gentleman," broke in Mollie, "would go out of his way to hurt a girl's feelings by making unkind comments on her personal appearance. It isn't necessary to call attention to that which we lack."

"But, as a matter of fact, you don't lack it," I said.

"I tell you I do," said Mollie.

"You don't," I asserted, feeling that it was time to make a decided stand.

"I do," said Mollie, "and when you say I don't you inti-

mate that I have neither eyes nor brains, which is worse than saying I lack beauty. I should think you would be ashamed to say so many discourteous and hurtful things to a girl who always has treated you kindly and is wearing your engagement ring this very minute. You have as much as said that I lack beauty and sense and intelligence."

I sighed. The conversation had reached a point where there seemed to be little else for me to do.

"Mollie," I said, after a thoughtful pause, "without endeavoring to go into details I will simply say that you suit me."

"I do?" returned Mollie, inquiringly.

"In every detail," I asserted. "Whatever may be the standard of beauty with others, to me you are pretty."

"I am?" said Mollie, still inquiringly.

"You are," I said emphatically.

"Well," said Mollie, with a trace of disappointment in her tone, "I have sense enough to know that I am not pretty, and if you really think that I am, how can I trust to your judgment in other matters?" Then, somewhat irritably, "I don't see why you want to shake my faith in you that way."

As I remarked before, how are you going to please a woman?

Elliott Flower.

MRS. VANDERBILT chartered the Pioneer yesterday for its daily trip to Ardsley, and her party consisted of young girl friends of her daughter Gladys, including Miss Dorothy Whitney. Mrs. Vanderbilt wore a black cloth tailor made dress, with a black cloth fur trimmed long coat. Her hat was a three-cornered affair of crepe and dull jet. Miss Vanderbilt's frock and jacket were of tan colored cloth, with which she wore a sailor hat, edged with black velvet and trimmed with black velvet shoes, while Miss Dorothy Whitney was in silver gray cloth and wore a rolled sailor hat trimmed with cherries.—*New York Tribune, April 19.*

And when the editor of the *New York Tribune* inserted this paragraph he wore black trousers trimmed with green fur, cut bias, fore and aft, and in his sailor made hat was a placard bearing these words:

"The Dignity of American Journalism."

## New York Central Notes.



THE new schedule of accidents will not go into effect until the first. Time-tables ready on the second.

At the next directors' meeting an appropriation to buy two new peacock dusters will be considered.

Two new candles have been placed at Eighty-fifth Street. The effect is said to be dazzling.

An address will be delivered at the Y. M. C. A. branch next Monday evening, with the following text: "And there was darkness." And there was darkness.

Notice to engineers: Don't forget that if your trains are late you are liable to get fired. *You must be on time*, no matter what happens, and if there is an accident, we'll see to it that you go to jail.

The public be damned.

Prizes will be distributed among employees for the best paper giving a plausible excuse why nothing is being done, or will be, to improve the tunnel.

To hell with reform!

We hope soon to entertain at dinner the entire Legislature at Albany. Favors will be distributed.

Our stockholders will be glad to hear, in spite of several payments we have been unjustly obliged to pay the heirs of several careless persons who patronized our road, that our surplus is still growing.

We have extended our block system to the Capitol at Albany. It works beautifully.

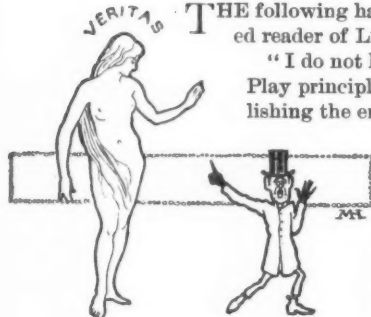
Several changes in the tunnel have been in progress. A knot-hole at Fiftieth Street has been discovered and plugged up. A device to draw all the air from the cars, rendering the passengers unconscious and thus adding to their comfort, has been considered.

Our motto: "It will be all the same in a hundred years."

### Turning the Tables.

THE following has been sent in by an interested reader of LIFE, who says:

"I do not know whether or not your Fair Play principles are up to the strain of publishing the enclosed, but I hope so."



#### "LIFE'S SANCTUM TALKS."

"Hello, LIFE!"

"Don't know me? Ha! Ha! Why, we had a talk a few weeks ago over my adoption of the reconcentrado policy."

"Good guess. While these peace negotiations are going on I thought I would call you up."

"Not at all. Do you know, LIFE, I have a sneaking sort of fondness for you. You stand for a great many Large Principles. You are the most Consistent Kicker that I know of."

"Really you are too modest. Well, your principal recommendation is your love of 'Fair-Play.' You know that appeals to a Briton. You have a thankless task before you, though, if you expect to keep the American Pot from calling the British Kettle black, or if you hope to educate it to keep itself any cleaner."

"Yes, I know. I am sorry for you; your mission is much more difficult than mine, and it is only likely that you will receive a martyr's reward for endeavoring to inculcate Fair Play ideas into the Great American Public."

"Been reading the papers lately, LIFE? What do you think of Major Waller's testimony? He should be recompensed by Congress for giving away General Smith's secret of pacification of rebellious (?) provinces. So much cheaper than Weyler's or My reconcentrado policy. Killing 'everything over ten' and 'burning everything in sight' is cheaper and entails so much less responsibility."

"Yes, a great nuisance. Did you know that when it was proven that some of the officers of my colonials, whom I am always trying to make much of, shot some Boer prisoners, I actually had to order a court-martial? The excuse that while dressed in British uniforms these Boer spies had killed some of my men would not go with the judge, and my officers were shot. So much nicer if, for such 'mistaken zeal,' they had retired them to fat jobs in the Colonial Post Office Department, as General Hood punished an American lieutenant for torturing Filipinos to death by that 'relic of the inquisition,' the cold water cure."

"The American way is certainly the best with those 'niggers.' Governor Taft suppresses reports from all but the pacified (decimated) provinces, and when those inconsiderate editors in Manila criticise him, the majesty of the law aids him by locking them up for libel."

"Poor Rhodes! How I would like to call him up. Those Matabele 'niggers,' though, say that the 'Beloved White Chief's' spirit is with the spirit of Umziligazi, the ancestor of the Matabele nation, whom they worship as a god; so I do not know exactly where to ring him up. I tried a few minutes ago, but find that the same telephone that connects with America does not have any station in a 'nigger' heaven. Funny thing, is it not, that 'niggers' should appreciate humanity and consideration from a man like Cecil Rhodes, when your experience over in America and your new colony is that they are not amenable to anything but kicks and lynchings?"

"Heard from Weyler lately?"

"I have. He addressed a Ha, Ha wireless Marconigraph to me as soon as he had read the testimony of Major Waller and the other officers re torturing to death of Filipinos and their orders not to take any prisoners, but kill every black man, as a black friend might some day be a black foe. Prevention is better than cure."

"What is that? No, I never heard anything about that. Wait until I get a pencil and write down that to be transmitted to Weyler." . . . "O. K., go ahead. 'General Smith is a lineal descendant of the great American who invented the proverb that "the only good Indian was a dead Indian."' There, you see how I am handicapped. How can I expect to be anything but an amateur beside a man with an inherited aptitude for cruelty like that (probably educated at West Point, too)? I have never yet succeeded in being very much more than stern, no matter how hard I try."

"Yes, I will try again. The next Boer spy I catch in British uniform, I actually believe I will sentence him to be sent to bed without his supper."

"Ta-ta, LIFE. It might not be safe for you to tell people about this conversation, as, if the Great American Public knew that your Fair Play propensities were becoming very noticeable, you might meet the fate of Lincoln and some of the other Fair Play advocates, and it would be a shame to see such a promising career and mission as yours nipped in the bud."

"I may call you again when your investigation is finished, and those torturing officers are shot (nit) as mine were."



BRONZE GROUP TO BE PRESENTED TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD BY THE CITIZENS OF NEW YORK CITY, IN RECOGNITION OF THEIR UNSELFISH EFFORTS TOWARD THE PURIFICATION OF POLITICS.



"WHAT, MORE MONEY! SEE HERE, YOUNG MAN. WHAT HAS BECOME OF THAT LAST FIVE HUNDRED I GAVE YOU? HORSES, WINE, CLOTHES, WHAT?"

"NO, FATHER, NO. I'VE BEEN PLAYING BRIDGE WITH MOTHER."

### A Foreign Nobleman to an American Heiress.

[With Apologies to Colonel Lovelace.]

TELL me not, Sweet, that I am rash,  
That to a rummery,  
From thy chaste breast, to spend my cash—  
My lone, last quid—I fly.

Nay, to thy Guv'nor now I chase,  
To brace him in his lair,  
And with a stony, British face,  
To fill him with hot air.

And if his dead-easyness is such  
That my title he'll adore,  
For one cool million him I'll touch,  
Then, after marriage, more! J. E. M.

### The Right Kind of a Nursery.



THIS is the most important room in the house, and though a great many writers have tried to do justice to it, they have all failed. The following suggestions will be hailed with delight by all mothers.

The nursery should be on the first floor, and as near the front entrance as possible. This will not only enable all visitors to see the children, but the children to see and rub up against all visitors. A knowledge

of the world is a great thing for children, and this will give them many opportunities. The room should be about twenty feet square, and lighted day and night by electric lights, as eminent scientists have discovered that electric light is a big improvement on the sun, being of human invention. The bulbs of the lights should be placed low enough so as to be easily reached by a child of one year old.

The decorations of the room should be rich, not gaudy. A light silk paper, in sky-blue or cream, can be obtained for about two dollars a roll.

For lace curtains to go in the windows it is foolish to pay more than twenty-five dollars a pair. They are not appreciated by children, who do not always consider them ornamental.

Now for the floor. A hard wood floor, of course, is best. It should be waxed and covered with Turkish rugs. Four or five nice rugs for this purpose can be obtained for about one hundred dollars each.

The most important feature is the play part. The children will want to play, of course, and there is nothing better for this purpose than a natatorium. This natatorium can be sunk in the middle of the room. It should be about six feet square, and, when filled with water, should be just deep enough

to cover the head of the oldest child. A suitable collection of boats and tin fish should go with the natatorium, which, constantly filled with pure, sterilized water, will be a source of endless amusement.

The equipment of the nursery should be as complete as possible. A full set of carpenters' tools is indispensable, together with a grindstone to keep them sharp. The walls should be lined with book shelves containing the latest books of reference. All fairy books and other injurious literature which deals with imaginary subjects should, of course, be strictly tabooed.

Your nursery is now complete. All that is necessary is to put over the entrance the following text:

"All Who Enter Here Leave Hope Behind." Tom Masson.

### The Fox and the Geese.

THE Geese constituted a commission to investigate the Fox, and the Fox came and testified before it.

"I am founded on misconception and promoted along lines of self-destruction," said he.

"How silly of us to have been afraid!" exclaimed the Geese.

So they called off all legislation proposed in regulation of the Fox, and in their ensuing political platforms omitted all mention of him.

This fable teaches that a general foxiness is scarcely less important to the trust business than is deft financing.



Mr. Worm: BY HEAVENS! IF OUR ACORN COTTAGE HASN'T SPROUTED WHILE WE WERE GONE!



## When England's King Is Crowned.



"To merrie England sail,"

**H**O! plutocrats and shoddyerats! Ho!  
toiling millionaires!

Ho! all ye social parasites! Ho! kith of  
bulls and bears!

And ye grown fat on kerosene, on copper,  
coal and steel,

And ye whose bulging pockets mark the  
corner and the deal,—

Go forth on seas tempestuous! To merrie  
England sail.

The Anglo-Saxon waits you, the Cymri,  
Scot and Gael;

Their outstretched palms are itching,  
their pulse like hammers pound,—

They need you in their business, when  
England's King is crowned.

From Maine to California they're troop-  
ing o'er the main,

The daughters of the newly-rich, the  
pushful sons of gain;

Like homing birds they're flocking back  
across the sounding sea,

Where British hearts beat fond and true  
for our Plutocracy.

They love their gilded kith and kin; they  
line the white cliffs stark,  
To hail their long-lost brothers who bear  
the dollar mark.



"To hail their long-lost brothers  
who bear the dollar mark."

Princes and peasants, Christians, Jews, and  
nobles ermine-gowned,  
Give the glad hand to ready cash when  
England's King is crowned.

Who cares for birth and quarterings when  
England's King is crowned?

The noblest man is he who pays ten dollars  
on the pound;

For trade is dull, and glory scarce, and  
ready money rare;

The King is but a stalking horse to catch  
the millionaire.

Hark! The dear mother country calls.  
Those hands across the sea

Reach for the transatlantic fob, well-lined  
with £. S. D.

O Parvenu, her love for you is touching,—  
aye, profound;

She's not averse to cut your purse when  
England's King is crowned.

O rarest flower we have raised! O dear  
Plutocracy!

Old England loves to see you come with  
cash and pregnant knee.

There ev'ry happy home to-day makes hos-  
pitable din,

The servants' hall is open wide that you  
may enter in.

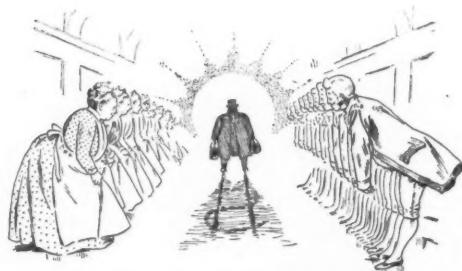
There sat your fathers long ago among  
their servile peers.

Now, flunkies, grooms and chambermaids,  
with wages in arrears,

Hail your return with ecstasy; they love to  
have you round,

When times are hard and cash is scarce  
and England's King is crowned.

Joseph Smith.



"The servants' hall is open wide that you may  
enter in."

**M**R. W — is cashier of a bank,  
and his wife is president of one  
of the great woman's clubs. A friend  
went into the bank one morning and  
said to him:

"Shall I find Mrs. W — at home  
this afternoon?"

"I haven't the least idea," said Mr.  
W —. "When I want to see my  
wife now, I have to make an appoint-  
ment with her."



"The King is but a stalking horse to catch the  
millionaire."



"COME AROUND THIS SIDE, BILL, THERE'S SOMETHING SWEETER HERE."

### Oyster-Crabs.

THREE viands in three different courses served Received the commendation they deserved. The first in succulence all else surpassed;

The next in flavor; and in both, the last. For Nature's forces could no further go; To make the third, she joined the other two.

Carolyn Wells.

### A Question of Humor.

THERE is, of course, the anti-vaccinationist who, like all faddists, is deficient in a sense of humor, just as he is deficient in the power to judge his subject fairly from a broad view of every side.

—Lancet, London.

Well, well!

Our playful contemporary forgets that the victim of a practical joke is less likely to manifest hilarity than the perpetrator. The dog, for instance, who protests in vain against having his ears and tail cut off, displays less of a certain kind of humor than the man who works the knife.

So the Lancet should, in justice, pardon an absence of hilarity in the anti-vaccinationist who is compelled by law to see his wife and children submit to a treatment in which he has no confidence and whose results are often the reverse of mirth-provoking.

THE papers say that perhaps the Tampa Bay Hotel, at Tampa, Florida, may be given to the Jesuits for a college by Mrs. Plant, widow of its late owner, who will endow it with a million dollars. Persons who think that Jesuit colleges are a good thing for this country will rejoice that we are to have a new one. Persons who think that they do no country any good may find comfort in the location of this prospective new one, where it can be a buffer between us and Yellow Jack.

### The Soul of a Cockney.

TO dwell with city sounds and sights,  
And long for country quiet,  
For dewy dawns and fragrant nights,  
And bird songs running riot;  
To sigh for spring's green, tender birth,  
Or autumn's regal burning—  
That is the dearest pain on earth,  
That is the sweetest yearning.

But, oh, to stroll by grove and beach,  
And hear the birds vociferant,  
And know that town is out of reach—  
That's someway very different!

Juliet Willor Tompkins.



—D O N N—  
'99—

### Notes from the Philippines.

CORPORAL SLICEM of the Sixty-second Exterminators has been court-martialed for cowardice. He refused to emancipate three young Tagalogs, saying that they wriggled so they made him think of babies.

Brig.-Gen. Bludd is now being referred to as the Patrick Henry of the Army on account of his cable to the Department, "We'll give them slavery or give them death."

Two native women have been seen at large near Kilkil, Island of Soondie. A sergeant and ten men have been sent out, and they will be civilized at sight.

It is rumored that the Society of Foreign Wars is to inaugurate a special department with eligibility dependent upon proof of the personal assimilation of one or more Filipinos. It is to be called the Society of the Sons of Slaughter.

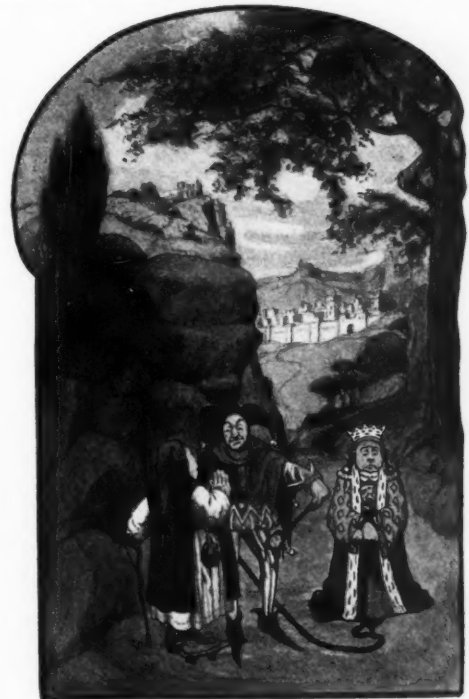
The Department has opened a recruiting office at the Chicago Stock Yards. It is feared that the abattoirs will be obliged to close for lack of skilled labor.

### Reducing It to a Science.

"THERE'S going to be a meeting of the New York Central directors."

"What for?"

"Why, to decide about improvements in graveyard facilities and accidents."



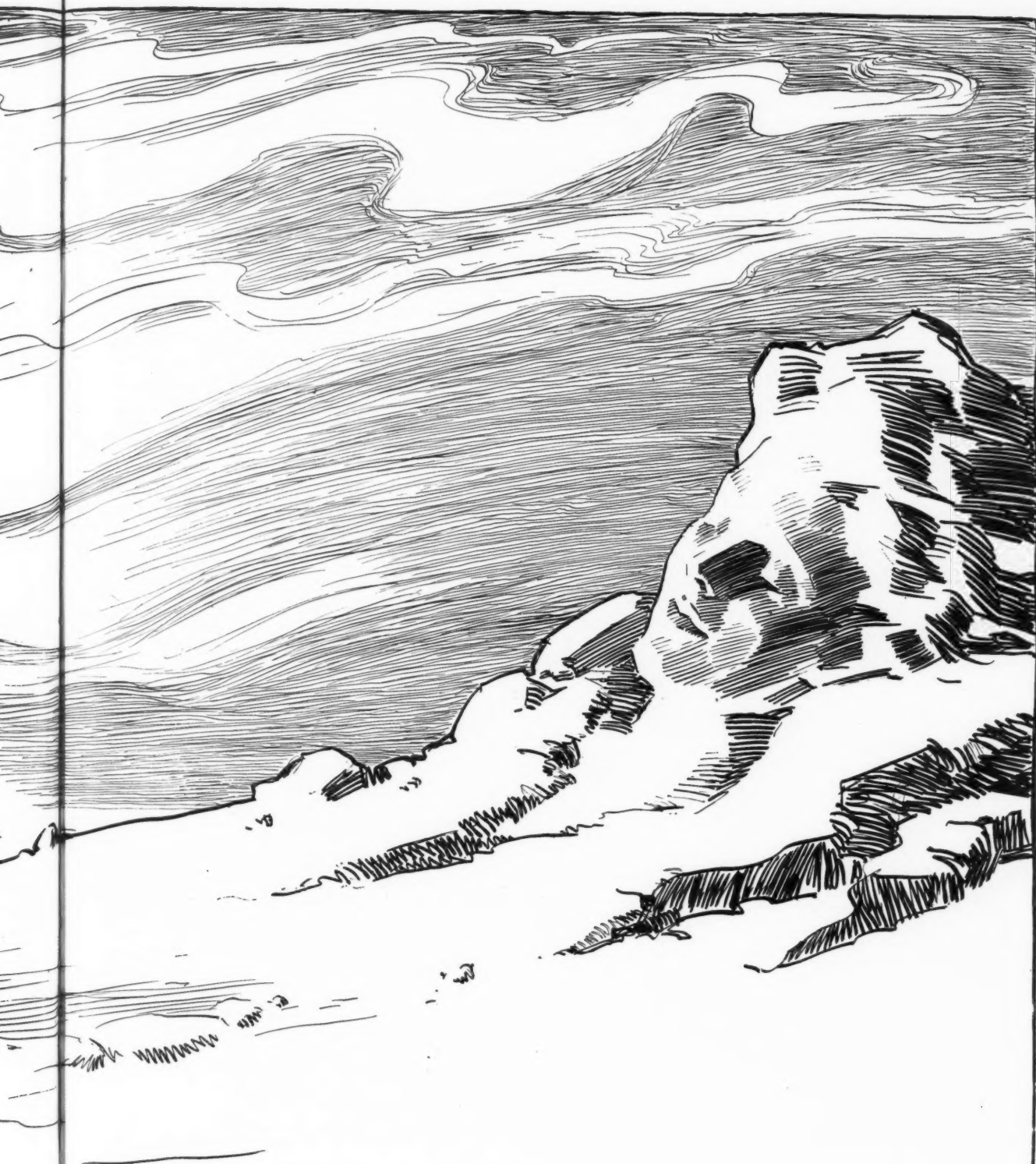
The Fool: YOU SEE IT'S THIS WAY. THE KING SAID THAT IF I DIDN'T GET HIM IN A GOOD HUMOR TO-DAY HE WOULD HAVE ME BEHEADED, SO I KIDNAPPED THE QUEEN.



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LIFE.



MAN'S LOVE.

## Ballade of a Rhymester.



I 'VE often written trifling verse  
On foolish themes or fancies light;  
Better it might have been—or worse—  
Its merit, like its matter, slight.  
But I abjure all hackneyed, trite  
Or obvious subjects for my song;  
Of fashion's fads I won't indite—  
I'll never write about Ping-Pong!

The growing habit I asperse,  
For not a paper meets my sight  
But Ping-Pong's praises 'twill rehearse  
In doggerel, till I'm sickened quite.  
My anger rises to its height;  
I will not join the twaddling throng  
And on my record cast a blight—  
I'll never write about Ping-Pong!

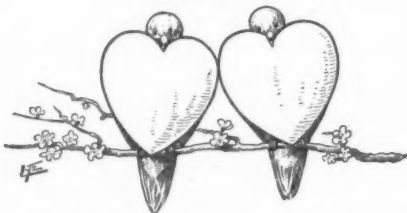
Though 'twould put money in my purse,  
(And I am in most needy plight,)  
My Pegasus I can't coerce  
To start on such unworthy flight.  
Though I've ideas new and bright,  
My resolution is so strong—  
E'en should an editor invite,  
I'll never write about Ping-Pong!

ENVOY.

Reader, I play from morn till night,  
I'm Ping-Pong's slave—or right or  
wrong;  
So, since I have no time to write,  
I'll never write about Ping-Pong!

Carolyn Wells.

## The Love Letters of a Christian Scientist.



## MY BELOVED PRINCE OF THE NEW THOUGHT:

I have been wondering to-day if our exchange of gifts seems as beautiful to you as it does to me. Most lovers exchange rings, but how much more your betrothal gift to me really means! The thought that you have given me your well-studied and dog-eared copy of Science and Health with a Key to the Scriptures, and that I have given you my copy of the Mother's Words, thrills me to the heart—or would, if there were any reality in matter. (Heart would come under the head of matter, wouldn't it? And matter is reflected, of course, from mortal mind, which is evil.)

Do you remember the day, darling Vibra-

tion of the Mind Universal, that we sat together planning what we should represent at the Lemar's Book Party? It seems but yesterday! We decided that you would wear goggles and your college cap and gown, for you were to represent Science, and I, Health (trusting to my red cheeks, to treating the guests for Intelligence, and to silent affirmations that I was Health), to reveal the name of our book—the Mother's Book—and our Engagement! (Do you know, Beloved, they say the Mother has demonstrated an immense fortune out of her Words—really, three dollars and fifty cents to give for them is something fierce, isn't it?) Well, we were just finding a way to represent the Key (by putting ourselves in touch with the Way Universal), when your mother came in and asked the day of the month and apologized for addressing us in English, adding sarcastically that she didn't speak Christian Science! Ah, my Own, I have to vehemently affirm that I am one with Love Omnipotent, Omnipresent, Omniscientific, every time I think of your mother. I begin each day by treating myself for Love and Non-resistance, and yet I must say your mother is without exception the most antagonistic old party I ever met! But then she is your mother—our mother—and All Is Love, and You are All—or almost All.

I hope my gift with a Key to the Scriptures will arrive safely and bring you the kisses I entrust to its wise care. How dear are the Mother's Words! Do you like kisses? Yours, with a Key to the Scriptures, would I could wear at my heart! It was so sweet of you not to select as the first manifestation of your Individual Love,

some vulgar thing to dazzle the world, such as a grand piano. I would so much prefer having you simple, adorable Radiator of

Hope, like Wisdom. Hold me in your Thought, as I hold you in mine—even as Thought (the Universal Mind)—holds us

both to its breast! And come in to tea soon—soon.

P. S.—You remember, Bobby, don't you. Beloved? The poor child has such a frightful claim of superfluous flesh—actually, the neighborhood boys call him “the fat boy of the circus,” but he is getting strongly in accord with the Principle of Life and will

yet demonstrate his Freedom. Yesterday,

Bobby was walking along with Ralph Hughes, when an unenlightened little street urchin yelled, “Hello, Skinny! hello, Skinny! hello, Skinny!”

“Smash him!” suggested Ralph.

“Not on your life!” said Bobby. “He is giving me a Treatment!”

Isn't it touching to see such Belief in the Power of the Word as this child has? Did I tell you that we have given up the claim of mice? Yes. We are now entirely free from them!

Ethel Shackelford.



RECENT FICTION.

ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN.

## How to Win a Woman in a Week.

Sunday: Make her acquaintance.  
Monday: { Morning: Violets.  
Afternoon: Call.  
Tuesday: { Morning: American Beauties and bonbons.  
Afternoon: Drive, dinner at Del's.  
Wednesday: { Morning: Orchids and books.  
Afternoon: Automobile ride, dinner at Sherry's.  
Thursday: Ignore her.  
Friday: { Appear with a more attractive woman.  
Saturday: { Morning: Orchids and a diamond or two.  
Afternoon: Call.  
Night: She is yours.

Francesca di Maria.

ELLEN STONE and Yvette are both writing books. What a combination it would be if they would collaborate! There are many plans not yet employed by enterprising publishers who tempt ladies to be literary, because they have already become famous in one way or another.



*She:* YOU WOULDN'T MIND SAYING THIS OVER AGAIN TO-MORROW, WOULD YOU, DEARIE? I AM A MEMBER OF THE M. P. D. C. CLUB.  
"WHY, WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?"  
"MOONLIGHT PROPOSALS DON'T COUNT."



# For Lovers, and Lovers of Lovers.

IN the merry month of May, when little nosegays of arbutus rival the roses in the florists' shops, and orchids are ignored for buttercups and daisies—when the "young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," and happy maidens name the day—when the joyous springtime spirit gives life and zest, and all the world is young, it behooves you and me to gather up and seek the silver shops, that we may make glad our Chloe and Amaryllis upon their wedding day.

Marriages in the month of May are not looked upon with favor, but never June followed May, but romances began—or ended—at the altar.

May is the month devoted to the trousseau, the selection of gifts, the bidding of guests and a little incidental love-making—should the bride-elect have a moment to spare.

BLACK COFFEE SET AND TRAY, ATHENIC.

"We have not told each other how much we love each other since early afternoon," laments the lamb in *The Henrietta*, and many a prospective bridegroom has a worse fate in the busy month preceding the wedding day.

\* \* \*

In the way of wedding gifts, perhaps the most important of all is the chest of table silver. Formerly these were rather bulky affairs, the silver spread out piece by piece in the trays to make a display. This took up a great deal of room. In the new chests shown at Gorham's, deep pockets are built for each article, so that the arrangement is much more compact, and the chests are not half so enormous. A dozen spoons fitting into one another fill one pocket; a dozen forks the next, and so on. In the simplest of these are two dozen knives of two sizes, two dozen forks, large and small; a dozen table spoons, a dozen soup spoons, a dozen tea spoons, a dozen coffee spoons and a carving set of five pieces. Larger chests with all manner of fancy forks, spoons, tongs and knives have one or more

trays according to the assortment.

Here the miniature soup spoons used for bouillon, asparagus tongs and ice cream forks appear, while in the larger pieces a berry spoon, salad set and cheese scoop will be found. These chests range in price from one hundred and twenty-five to two thousand dollars, the larger ones being

TUREEN AND STAND, MARTELÉ.

very complete, containing some seven or eight hundred pieces.

In dishes, both the Martelé and the new Athenic designs seem to be in favor. While old English, Renaissance and Colonial patterns still have a large sale, these newer designs are in the lead.

Martelé is wholly hand-wrought, each article being beaten into form from one piece of silver. Each piece of this exquisite ware is a unique artistic creation and bears witness to

the pride and care of its creator in every line and detail of ornamentation.



BOWL, ATHENIC.

To this work the artist must bring all the feeling for form, the sensitiveness for the slightest variation in the modeling, and the delicate touch that belong to the sculptor. Each finished work of Martelé requires weeks of patient and dexterous manipulation.

Graceful, sensuous curves mark the Martelé ware. Of the opposite character is the Athenic: austere, clean cut, each detail carried out elaborately.

In the Martelé ware, decoration is subordinated to shape; in the Athenic designs, decoration is paramount.

A very lovely example of Martelé ware is a tall candelabra, superbly wrought and of a most graceful design. A soup tureen with orchid decoration is delightfully quaint, with its curving handles and peaked top, the standard it rests upon being equally exquisite. A long oval tray holding six pieces—a combined tea and coffee set—is Japanese in treatment, all the handles being in old ivory and the decoration of chrysanthemums. A tea kettle with legs curling in to hold an alcohol lamp in place, a coffee pot, a tea pot, cream pitcher, sugar bowl and basin are the pieces on this tray. Smaller trays

CANDELABRA, MARTELÉ.



TEA SET AND KETTLE, MARTELÉ

hold a French coffee set, coffee pot, sugar bowl and cream pitcher.

\* \* \*

An ice-cream set in a brocaded silk box is a very serviceable gift as well as a beautiful one. A long tray of Martelé work, a dozen dainty plates, a large knife for serving and a dozen forks are in the set—the fork being shaped like a spoon, except that the end of the bowl is notched, forming short prongs.

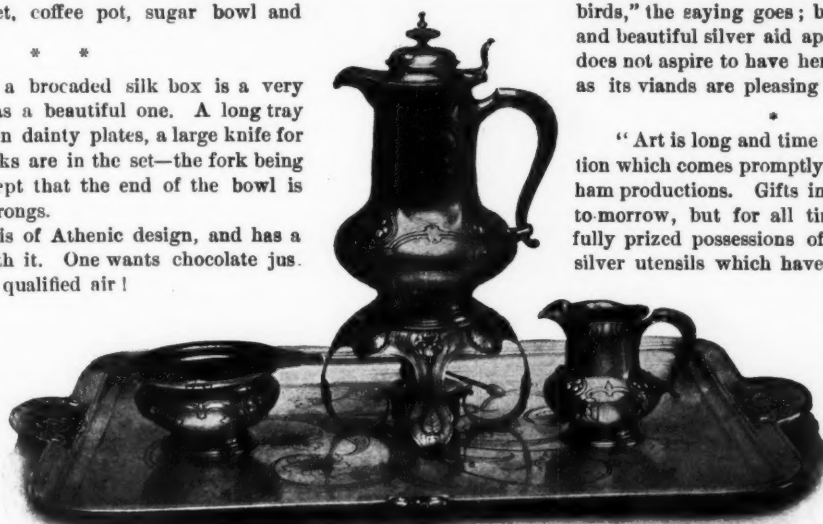
A tall chocolate pot is of Athenic design, and has a tiny alcohol lamp beneath it. One wants chocolate just to see it, it has such a qualified air!

Meat platters in all sizes, berry dishes and salad bowls are always welcome gifts, and in both the Martelé and Athenic designs are exceedingly attractive.

An asparagus set is essential to one's happiness in these days, and these are displayed in beautiful boxes. The long dish contains a removable platter, thickly perforated, so that all the water drains off the asparagus into the dish below. Then there is a wide fork for serving, and a dozen fat little tongs.

Novel dishes in silver and glass shown me at Gorham's yesterday are dishes of crystal glass held in a framework of silver, the same decoration being applied to both the silver and glass. For instance, the stems and leaves may appear on the silver and the flowers be carried out in the glass, or a scroll be commenced on the silver and finished in the glass. This design may be had in ice-cream sets, berry dishes, cracker jars, platters and plates.

Another novelty at Gorham's is a centre-piece composed of four silver dishes somewhat in the shape of scallop shells. When placed together, the flat edges touching, they are apparently one dish. If so large a centre-



CHOCOLATE SET AND TRAY, ATHENIC.



PITCHER, ATHENIC.

piece is not desired they can be placed separately or used singly — one or two as required.

"Fine feathers make fine

birds," the saying goes; but quite as truly do fine linen and beautiful silver aid appetite, and what lovely woman does not aspire to have her table as pleasing to the eye as its viands are pleasing to the palate!

"Art is long and time is fleeting" is a poetic quotation which comes promptly to mind in treating the Gorham productions. Gifts in silver are not for to-day, nor to-morrow, but for all time. Among the most carefully prized possessions of our leading families are the silver utensils which have come down to them through generation after generation. Some of these, the work of early artists, are even to-day things of exquisite beauty, owing to the high quality of the art work bestowed upon them. Being intrinsically artistic they have survived the mutations of fashion, and are things of beauty and joys forever to their fortunate possessors.

The quality of the art, work bestowed on productions

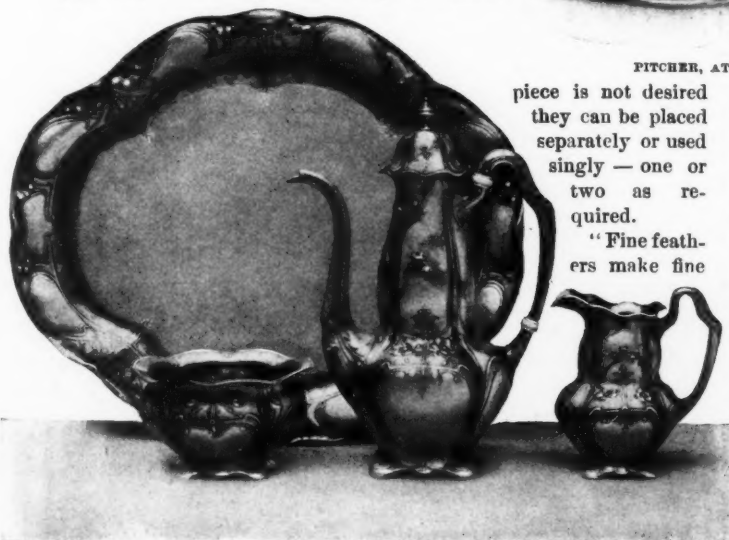
in silver and on silver in combination with glass bearing the Gorham hall-mark is such as to make them valuable heirlooms, to be handed down to lovers of the beautiful in future generations, and to be a constant joy to those who own them, or are permitted to use them to-day. More than this, the mechanical workmanship and the quality of material used in the Gorham products is such as to give them absolute permanency under the most strenuous use.

Having made up one's mind to make a gift, the question of taste arises. So many persons make the mistake of giving something which is simply what every one else gives that their generosity is lost because of lack of originality. Every Gorham product possesses a distinctive originality of its own and is made in such artistic spirit that it is quite safe to select anything from the Gorham stock and let it stand on its individual merits as a selection in perfect taste. In fact, it is quite a reasonable proposition to send what one wishes to spend for a gift to the Gorham office and let the concern use its own discretion.

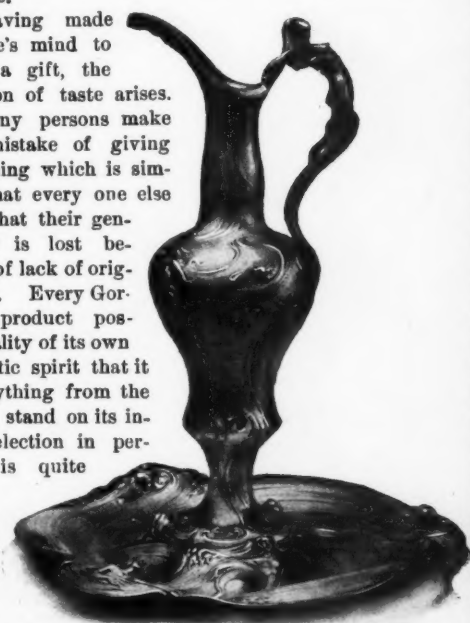
An almost infinite variety in display and design renders impossible more than a mere suggestion in the way of illustration. We must go and see for ourselves.

The artistic spirit is growing in America, and no where is the artistic spirit better shown than in the art of the silver-smith.

*The Connoisseur.*



BLACK COFFEE SET, MARTELÉ



ROSE-WATER EWER AND PLATEAU, MARTELÉ.

# • LIFE •



How quickly these American buds born and reared in soils remote from the haunts of society learn the ways of the town, as they used to say in Jane Austen's time! Does Washington forget, I wonder, that chit of a Western girl, a girl from the real West, daughter of a man thrown hastily and unexpectedly into the Senate? She was as fresh and hardy as the breezes and firs of her mountains, and all her notions of etiquette and self-composure among the great were to be found in the social code of the mining-camps. But in a year, native wit and keenness and some judicious novel-reading aiding her, she became as sophisticated as a lady of the republican court need be.

Hurrying into the drawing-room of the wife of a Cabinet officer rather late, unknown and apologetic, she was received by the woman of the house with a rudeness that is sometimes witnessed in Washington—generally characterizing the women whose husbands have lifted them up, and who, consequently, have not been obliged to fit themselves into their environment, to mold their tempers and talents to the sinuosities of society.

"It is very disagreeable to be obliged to waste every Wednesday afternoon receiving everybody who has a mind to come," said the grand dame.

"Oh, but fancy, Mrs. X—, how much pleasure your polite hospitality gives every one who is obliged to come," chirped the young thing, blowing swiftly and quietly out of the room as she had blown in.—*Century*.

GRACE: It's too bad that Miss Waddington doesn't get married. It's true that she is very plain, but she would make an awfully good wife for some man.

MAUDE: Yes, and her mother has such lovely old colonial furniture to hand down, too.—*Chicago Record*.

A KANSAS editor wrote this obituary notice: "He was born May 3, 1875, and therefore escaped this earth in time to celebrate his twenty-seventh birthday in the house of his eternal abode beyond the arching skies, leaving terrestrial land on Friday, March 19, 1902, at 9.30 P. M., central time."—*Oklahoma State Capital*.

COLONEL MALTBY tells of a neighbor of his at St. David's who went home at a rather unusual hour of the day and said to the family servant:

"Can you tell me of my wife's whereabouts?"

Bridget hesitated for a moment, and then replied:

"Faith, to tell ye the truth, I really believe they are in the wash!"—*Philadelphia Times*.

## DOOLEY ON READING.

Readin', me fri'nd, is talked about be all readin' people as though it was th' on'y thing that makes a man betther thin his neighbors. But th' truth is that readin' is th' nex' thing this side iv goin' to bed f'r restin' th' mind. With mos' people it takes th' place iv wurruk. A man does n't think whin he 's readin', or if he has to, th' book is no fun. Did

ye ever have something to do that ye ought to do, but did n't want to, an' while ye was wishin' ye was dead, did ye happen to pick up a newspaper? Ye know what occurred. Ye did n't jus' skim through th' spoortin' intilligence an' th' crime news. Whin ye got through with them, ye read th' other quarther iv th' pa-per. Ye read about people ye niver heerd iv, an' happenin's ye did n't undhersthand—th' fashion notes, th' theatrical gossip, th' s'ciety news fr'm Peoria, th' quotations on oats, th' curb market, th' real-estate transfers, th' marredge licenses, th' death notices, th' want ads., th' dhry-goods bargains, an' even th' iditoryals. Thin ye r-read them over again with a faint idee ye'd read them before. Thin ye yawned, studied th' design iv th' carpet, an' settled down to wurruk. Was ye exerciein' ye-er joynt intelleck while ye was readin'? No more thin if ye 'd been whistlin' or writin' ye-er name on a pa-aper. If anny wan else but me come along they might say: "What a miud Hinnessy has! He's always readin'." But I w'u'd kick th' book or paaper out iv ye-er hand, an' grab ye be th' collar, an' cry, "Up, Hinnessy, an' to wurruk!" f'r I 'd know ye were loafin'. Believe me, Hinnessy, readin' is not thinkin'. It seems like it, an' whin it comes out in talk sometimes, it sounds like it. It 's a kind iv nearthought that looks ginooyne to th' thoughtless, but ye can't get anny-thing on it. Manny a man I've knowed has so doped him-silf with books that he 'd stumble over a carpet-tack.

—*Century*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

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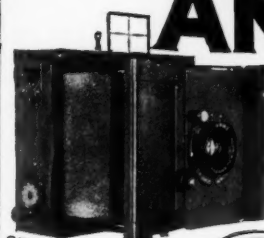
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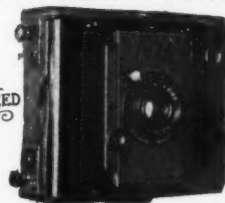


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# · LIFE ·



## THE WATER CURE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

(Air: "Marching Through Georgia.")

Get the good old syringe, boys, and fill it to the brim,  
We've caught another "nigger" and we'll operate on him—  
Let some one take the handle who can work it with a vim,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

### CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! We bring the jubilee;  
Hurrah! Hurrah! The flag that makes him free!  
Shove in the nozzle deep and let him taste of liberty,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

We've come across the bounding main to kindly spread  
around  
Sweet liberty wherever there are rebels to be found—  
Come, hurry with the syringe, boys, we've got him down  
and bound,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

Oh, pump it in him till he swells up like a toy balloon!  
The fool pretends that liberty is not a precious boon,  
But we'll contrive to make him see the beauty of it soon,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

Keep the piston going, boys, and let the banner wave,  
The banner that floats proudly o'er the noble and the brave,  
Keep on until the squirt-gun breaks or he explodes, the  
slave—  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

### CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! We bring the jubilee;  
Hurrah! Hurrah! The flag that makes him free!  
We've got him down, so let us pump him full of liberty,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

—S. E. Kiser in the *Chicago Record-Herald*.

CONGRESSMAN BROWNLOW of Tennessee has a smart  
granddaughter, whose clever sayings are the delight of her  
parents. The other day she came to her grandfather with  
her face all smiles.

"Grandpa," she said, "I saw something this morning  
running across the kitchen floor without any legs. What do  
you think it was?"

Mr. Brownlow studied for a while and gave up. "What  
was it?" he asked.

"Water," said the youngster triumphantly.

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

ONE day last autumn Bennet Burleigh, the noted English  
special war correspondent, was encountered a few miles  
outside Pretoria by that volcanic rhetorician, General  
Tucker.

"What the — are you doing out here with that  
— thing?" asked the General, pointing to a kodak which  
was slung round his shoulders.

"Well, sir," promptly replied Mr. Burleigh, "I was in-  
tending to take some photographs; but had I known that  
I was to have the pleasure of meeting you I should have  
brought out a phonograph."

At this audacity, it is said that even General Tucker's  
stock of sulphurous adjectives ran low.—*Argonaut*.

ALICE, who was five years old, was often asked to run  
errands for her mother. She went very willingly if she could  
pronounce the name of the article wanted, but she dreaded  
the laughter which greeted her attempts to pronounce cer-  
tain words. "Vinegar" was one of the hardest for her. She  
never would go for it if she could help it; but one morning  
her mother found it absolutely necessary to send her. On  
entering the store she handed the jug to the clerk and said:  
"Smell the jug and give me a quart."

—Chicago Chronicle.

Established 1823.

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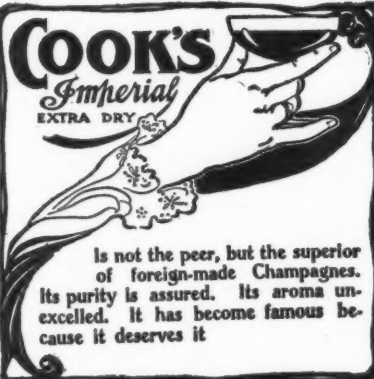
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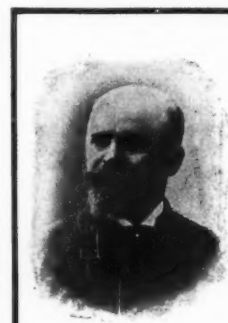


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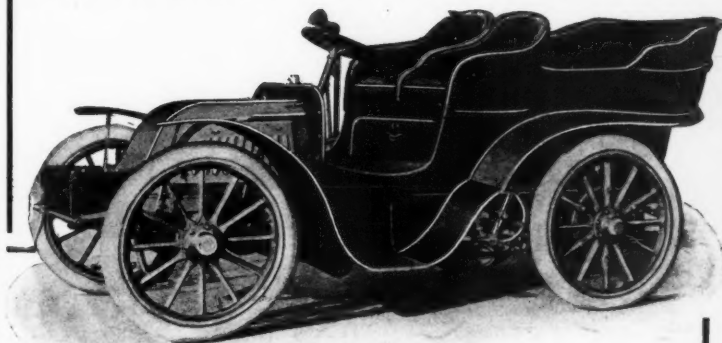


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hattan, until

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at 2 o'clock P. M., for the whole or part of following described Registered Stock  
of the City of New York, bearing interest at rate of Three and One-half Per Cent. per  
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**\$3,000,000 CORPORATE STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK. FOR CON-  
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**1,800,000 CORPORATE STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK FOR SCHOOL  
HOUSES AND SITES THEREFOR.** Principal payable November 1, 1902;

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NEW YORK.** Principal payable November 1, 1902;

**43,000 CORPORATE STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK FOR THE ERE-  
CTION OF A SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MEMORIAL ARCH in the City  
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For fuller information see "THE CITY RECORD" (copies to be procured at No.  
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**EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.**

The City of New York, Department of Finance, Comptroller's Office, April 22d, 1902.

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# · LIFE ·

## WHY NOT?

(A writer in *The Week End*, describing an interview with M. Worth, said that gentleman "farewelled." It is the poet's prerogative to increase the vocabulary, and the following is an attempt in that direction.)

I gardened in the evening shade,  
And birds around me songed;  
Indoors my friends, as sounds betrayed,  
Ping-ponged.

'Twas then that Jones came horsing by—  
His steed was newly shod—  
He cordially "hulloa"-ed, and I  
"How-dood,"

He told me how his meadows grassed  
And how his poultry egged;  
His views how houses should be glassed  
I begged.

So he opinioned till I tired,  
And backed him from the theme,  
And then of butt'ring cows inquired  
And cream.

While thus we conversated, Time  
With ruthless footsteps onned,  
It darked, we heard the Vesper chime  
From yond.

At last we felt that we must part,  
"Farewell, my friend," I cried,  
And he with anguish at his heart,  
"Good-byed."  
—*London Chronicle*.

An Atchison paper notes that women kiss the hands of Paderewski and Kubelik, and asks if men were ever known to kiss the hands of female actors. Scarcely. Men never stoop so low.—*Kansas City Journal*.

## WHO KILLS THE BIRDS?

Who kills the birds?

"I," said the Woman, "although 'tis inhuman,  
I must have dead birds."  
Who sees them die?

"I," said the Man, "whenever I can,  
For my sport they must die."  
Who tolls the bell?

"I," said the Boy, "I love to destroy,  
I toll the bell."  
Who digs their graves?

"I," said the Girl, "for a feather's neat curl  
"I'd dig all their graves."  
—*Oakfield Eagle*.

A young officer at San Francisco had been ordered to the Philippines. According to a Western paper, he received the following telegram from the War Department at Washington:

"You can go to New York, and sail on transport that goes by Suez."

The officer replied: "Would prefer to cross Pacific direct."

Then the Department telegraphed him again: "Transport will make good time; has sixty women school-teachers on board."

The young lieutenant answered: "Save me a berth on transport."—*Youth's Companion*.

THERE are times when differences of rank do not count, and an Irish soldier is said to have chanced upon one of them during the late war in Cuba.

He was discovered by the sergeant of his company in a hole, well out of the way of even a stray shot, when he should have been engaged in active service.

"Get out of that hole!" commanded the sergeant, sternly. "Get out of it this minute!"

The broad Irish face looked up at him with stubborn resistance written on every feature.

"You may be me superior officer," he said, boldly, "but all the same, Oi'm the wan that found this hole firrst."  
—*Youth's Companion*.

A MAN from the West who is visiting Maine recently fell into conversation with a quiet old farmer on a train. He was full of the greatness of the West, and talked about the big farms and big crops of his particular section, and wound up by saying:

"I suppose you do manage to pick up a living on these little Maine farms."

The old Maine farmer smiled sadly, and replied:  
"Yes: and a few years ago some of us invested money in your section, and it is there yet. It was a permanent investment, I guess."

The Western man changed the conversation.  
—*New York Tribune*.

"Is the manager up-to-date?"

"Sure; he's just introduced a game of ping-pong in the balcony scene in 'Romeo and Juliet.'"  
—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"YOUNG MAN," said the resident physician at the hospital, "you have only an hour to live."

The white-robed nurses moved silently to and fro as the patient nervously clutched the bed covering.

"Yes, it is my sad duty to inform you that you are going to that bourne from which no traveler returns; but all is happiness there, the days know no night, and there is rest eternal—sweet rest."

The patient's eyes flashed for a moment, and then he exclaimed joyfully:

"Ah! and I will not have to chase the—lost—ping-pong ball?"

Then they understood. He was one of the army of ping-pong plebes.—*Baltimore News*.

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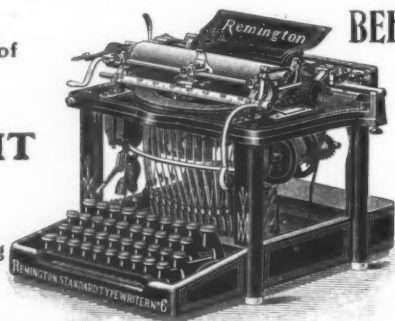
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After reading some of the glowingly appreciative reviews of the critics during the last two weeks, the announcement that the 50th THOUSAND is in the press will not be surprising.

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#### INDIA'S LOVE LYRICS

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The London Athenaeum, in its review of the volume, written by one who must be himself a true poet, writes:

"Mr. Hope brings to his task considerable command over various rhythms and a delicate gift of melody and sensuous beauty. His garden signifies the tremulous irrevocable deliciousness of young passion. Mr. Hope has caught admirably the dominant notes of this Indian love poetry, its delirious absorption in the instant, its out-of-door air, its melancholy. Slender brown limbs stir silently in the garden, where flying foxes cross the moon, in the hot, jasmine-scented jungle among the pink almond blossoms of Kandahar. And always there is the poignant sense of the fleetness of love—a moment's salvage from the flux of time."

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# • LIFE •



HUMOR is the eudemological pessimism which includes within itself a teleological evolutionary optimism, which may cause a realistic, radical and universal reconciliation to appear as possible.—*The Kindergarten Magazine.*

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"God is good," said a Sunday school teacher to a Chinaman, to whom religion was being dispensed. "God sends us the sunlight and the rain and all our blessings."

"God allee samee good to me," replied the Chinaman. "Sent me lottily ticket brought heapee money."  
—*New York Tribune.*

A DRESSMAKING ESTABLISHMENT in Paris, greatly in favor with the *élite* American clientèle, is Masson-Tempier, 191 Rue Saint-Honoré. This house has adopted the principle of supplying the best and newest models at comparatively reasonable prices, thereby inaugurating a much-needed reform in the manner of doing business with the leading Parisian dressmakers, which has been followed by a well-deserved success.

"Will you please raise my salary?"

"Why, I gave you a raise only last week, because you told me that you had your mother to support."

"I know, but my mother got married and now I have two to support."—*Ohio State Journal.*

## TO LET—

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"It's an A1 display," said Mr. Pitt, at the dog show.

"It's a first-class exhibition," replied Mr. Penn, "but you've got the wrong number."

"How so?"

"Instead of A1 it is K9."—*The Dog Fanciers' Gazette.*

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"Why, there's hardly a street there in which troops couldn't fall in."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Is that the latest book you are reading, dear?"

"Oh, dear, no! Why, this book has been out since noon yesterday."—*Ohio State Journal.*

## HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

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"Yes; he's the man I want to see," replied the caller.

"Bout a pass orsunthin?"

"About buying out the road for fifty million dollars. Can you attend to the business for me?"

"I 'spects I could, sah; but dis bein' my second day yere an' bein' I ain't feelin' powerful well, perhaps you'd better see de president himself—right down de hall an' second doah to de left, sah."—*Chicago News.*

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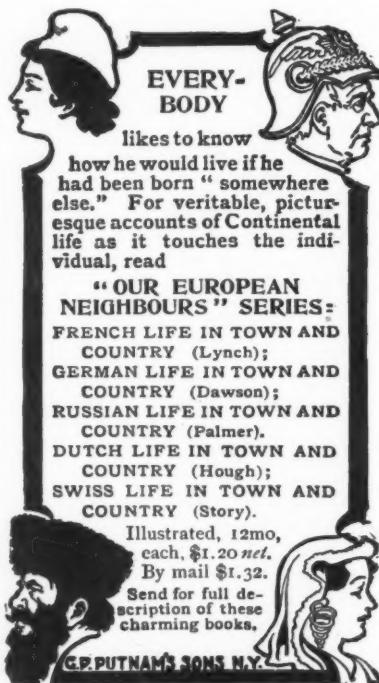
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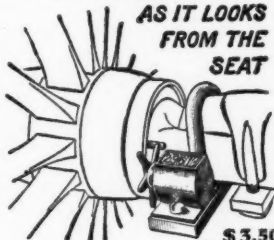
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